

DEAR MR. CHINASKI:

I get letters in the mail telling me that
I'm the best writer around.
I suppose that many writers get letters
like this.
maybe we can exchange them.
I mean, say you're a writer:
I'll give you this 21 year old sex pot
in Canada
for a 25 year old sex pot in
Pasadena.

then I have this fellow in a Texas
madhouse.
what will you offer me for this
one?

I've got another who mails me
liquors
sez I'm better than Henry Miller
was.
I need something good for this
one,
maybe a 17 year old highschool
female
cheer leader.

the fan mail's not all that
heavy, maybe 4 or 5 letters a
week but
the problem is
in answering them.
I've found that when I answer they
answer again and
I'm doing nothing but typing letters
replying to their letters
and all this was not my idea when I
began writing.
what the idea was, I'm not sure
but I'm sure it wasn't to sit about
answering letters.

I don't want to be a snob but I'd
prefer to be typing something
else.

I wonder how, for instance, Norman
Mailer handles his volumes of
mail?

I haven't an idea of what he does or
doesn't do ...

I'd write and ask him but I'm
not a
fan.

OUR CURIOUS POSITION

Saroyan on his deathbed said,
"I thought I would never die...."

I know what he meant:
I think of myself forever
rolling a cart through a
supermarket
looking for onions, potatoes
and bread
while watching the misshapen
and droll ladies push
by.

I think of myself forever
driving the freeway
looking through a dirty
windshield with the radio on
to something I don't want
to hear.

I think of myself forever
tilted back in a
dentist's chair
mouth

propped open
musing that

I'm in

Who's Who in America.

I think of myself forever
in a room with a depressed
and unhappy woman.

I think of myself forever
in the bathtub
farting underwater
watching the bubbles
and feeling proud
of that immense stink
which arises.

but dead, no ...
blood pin-pointing out of
the nostrils,
my head cracking across
the desk
my fingers grabbing at
dark space ...
impossible